

# The Musical World.

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## REVIEWS.

- No. 1—"HOPING, FEARING, EVERMORE." Song. By G. A. Macfarren.  
No. 2—"THE DAY IS DONE." Song. By George B. Allen.  
No. 3—"LAURETTE." Sung by Madame Anna Thillon. No. 4 from "George Linley's Book of Ballads," First Series.  
No. 4—"MY NATIVE HOME." Sung by Madame Clara Novello. Words and music by George Stretton.  
No. 5—"MIND YOU THAT." Song. Words by Charles Swain. Music by Frank Mori.  
No. 6—"CONFIDENCE." Ballad. By J. P. Douglas, Esq.

No. 1—"Hoping, fearing, evermore"—with some pretty sentimental verses by Miss Anne Fricker, would please good judges, if only for the extreme taste and finish of its accompaniments. The melody, though not strikingly new, is tender and expressive, besides being purely vocal—a tune, in short, that can and should be sung. Concert-singers will do well to turn to this ballad, as one of the best and most likely to be effective that has for some time appeared. Good modern ballads are very scarce, whilst the bad and indifferent are as "plentiful as blackberries."

No. 2—"The Day is done"—is just opposed to the preceding. Like "*mus. bac.*" compositions in ordinary, it is over-strained. Longfellow's exquisite little poem is turned into a prolix musical "*scena*," too long by half, and much too fragmentary. There is feeling, however, here and there—feeling which we should apprehend still better, if the song began and ended in the same key. As it is, we have a slice in F minor, a slice in D flat, another slice in F minor, a slice in A flat, a slice in E flat, and another slice in A flat,—all of which slices, when combined, fail to suggest the idea of a definite whole. How different the conduct of the verses! It is as consistent as they are flowing and spontaneous. The best part of Mr. Allen's composition may be found at pages 2—3, (the D flat "slice") in which there is genuine music. The G natural, in the second strain (bar 1, line 2, page 3) is the only blot upon it: and even this is wiped out in the following bar, where the G flat reigns, as it should, undisturbed by any chromatic interference. Let us add, that if "The day is done," exhibited less pretension, we should have said less about it; but we think its composer worth criticism. He may take this as a compliment, or not—according to his peculiar way of thinking.

No. 3—"Laurette"—and No. 4—"My native Home"—are ballads presenting no feature, either in words or music, upon which comment would not be superfluous.

No. 5—"Mind you that"—has an air of pertness that, while suited to the words, brings it near the verge of common-place, from which it is not saved by the chromatic progressions of sevenths, on pedals, in the accompaniment, but by a certain feeling of completeness authorizing the belief that the idea came and was not sought for—in other words, that the tune was begotten in the author's brain, and not upon the keys of the pianoforte. That this ballad is effective, has been proved by Mdle. Jenny Bauer; though, had not Mr. Mori produced far better things, we should be sorry.

No. 6—"Confidence"—reminds us of Balfe, or Vincent Wallace, suddenly seized with a violent fit of "sevenths." There is a smart shower of these in the opening symphony, and an enharmonic transition (page 3—bar 2—line 4), from flats to sharps and back again, for which we do not see the necessity. Nor do we understand the G, in the chord of A flat that precedes

it. Nor can we like the notes—G, F—on the chord of A flat (page 2—bar 1), which, though "passing notes," have no right to pass without a pass-port, issued from the *bureau central* of good taste, where, if applied for, it would be refused. Here is the enharmonic transition:—



And here are the passing notes:—



But for these, there is a kind of dash about the song, which, if the melody were not so twisted and twirled, would attract admirers—ourselves among the rest. The tune, however,



has too much the air and turn of a daddy long-legs. The words unfold how that Mr. Douglas has misplaced his "confidence" in a false mistress. If not more careful, his "confidence" may be equally abused by a false ideal of melody.

**YORK.**—On Wednesday evening, the 16th inst., the Choral Society gave its last concert of the season in the Festival Concert Room. There were about 1500 present. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Wynn, of Bradford, were the principal vocalists.

**BLACKBURN.**—The members of the Philharmonic Society gave their first concert, under the conductorship of Mr. H. F. Jopson, on the 2nd inst. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss S. Brindle, Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. J. Bamber, Mr. W. H. Hume, and Mr. R. Sanderson. The instrumentalists were Herr Steingraber (from the Conservatoire, Vienna), and Messrs. J. T. Hopwood, Buck, Millar, Yardley, Waud, Johnson, Findar, Tarr, Finney, Tucker, Edwards, and Botley. Herr Steingraber acted as leader. The band and chorus consisted of upwards of 120 performers.

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

## PART ONE.

## OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 307.)

## INTRODUCTION.

No apparition\* can be completely understood, through its constitution, until it has become a most complete fact; no error can be solved, until all the possibilities of its existence are solved, and all the ways, within this existence, to enable us to satisfy the necessary exigencies, tried and measured.

The constitution of opera could not be proved to be unnatural and null, until its artificiality and nothingness were most plainly and repulsively manifested; the error, which was the foundation of this musical art-form, could not be obvious to us, until the most noble geniuses had, with the expenditure of all their artistic vital power, investigated every path of its labyrinth, never, however, finding the way out, but invariably the way back to the point of error, from which they started, until, at last, the labyrinth became the mad-house for all the folly in the world.

The working of modern opera, in relation to publicity, has long been a subject of the deepest and most violent repugnance to honour-loving artists; they accused, however, only the corruption of taste and the frivolity of those artists who took advantage of it, without ever suspecting that this corruption was perfectly natural, and, therefore, the frivolity in question a completely necessary consequence. If criticism were what it supposes itself to be, it would long since have solved the riddle of error, and fundamentally have justified the repugnance of the honest artist. Instead of this, however, criticism itself merely experienced the instinct of this repugnance, but groped about after the solution of the riddle, with the same bewilderment as that with which the artist himself moved, within the error, in search of outlets.

The great evil for criticism lies, in this—in its constitution itself. The Critic does not feel within his breast the urgent necessity which compels the artist to that inspired obstinacy, in which he, at last, exclaims: *so is it and not otherwise!* If the critic wishes to imitate the artist in this, he can only fall into the repulsive error of presumption, that is, of the confidently enounced expression of opinion concerning a matter for which he does not feel with artistic instinct, but of which he expresses sentiments with merely æsthetic arbitrariness, which it is his aim to render valid from the point of view of abstract science. If, now, the critic knows his proper position with regard to the world of artistic apparitions, he feels bound to that shyness and prudence, in which he invariably only compares apparitions, and subjects what he has compared to fresh investigation, but never dares to pronounce the decisive word with enthusiastic certainty. Criticism thus lives in "gradual" progress—that is, the eternal maintenance of the error; it feels that, if the error is fundamentally broken through, the true, naked reality will appear—the reality

\* If the opposition offered to Herr Wagner's musical theories is as great as the difficulties presented by his literary style, it will be some time before the "Music of the Future" is firmly established in England. Herr Wagner is very fond of making use of words admitting of a vast diversity of meaning, and of the most transcendental description, so that a poor commonplace and common-sense translator stands but little chance with him. For instance, Herr Wagner is exceedingly partial to the word *Erscheinung*, which he employs in all the variations of which it is capable, but which we find so often where we never expected it, that we are fairly puzzled how to render it, and, therefore, have determined to adopt one equivalent, the word "apparition." In order, however, to do Herr Wagner full justice, we beg to inform our readers that the other significations of *Erscheinung*, as contained in the best dictionaries, are "appearance; vision; (in natural philosophy) phenomenon; meteor;" and lastly, our Epiphany is termed "Das Fest der *Erscheinung*," (the festival of the *Erscheinung*).—TRANSLATOR.

which will enable us to rejoice, but which puts all possibility of further criticism altogether out of the question—exactly as the lover, in the excitement of his passion, most assuredly does not begin reflecting on the constitution and object of his love. As long as it exists, and can exist, criticism must be wanting in this feeling of entire absorption in the constitution of art; it cannot be completely taken-up with its object; it must be fully half turned away, and that with the half which is its own constitution. Criticism exists on "However" and "But." Were criticism to descend completely to the fundamental reason of the apparitions, it could only pronounce, with decision, one thing; the fundamental reason just recognised—provided, by the way, the critic possessed the necessary capability, that is: love for the object—this one thing, however, is commonly of such a kind, that, when decisively said, it renders all further criticism absolutely impossible. Criticism always prudently keeps, therefore, for the sake of its own existence, to the surface of the apparition, calculates its effect, becomes doubtful what to do, and—lo and behold!—we have the unmanly, cowardly "however," and the possibility of endless indecision and criticism is again won!

And yet we must, at present, devote our best energies to criticism; for through that alone can the error, revealed by the apparitions, of any direction taken by art, be rendered manifest; but it is only through the knowledge of an error that we can free ourselves from it. If artists have unconsciously nourished this error, and finally raised it to the pitch of further impossibility, they must, in order completely to overcome it, make one last manly effort to exercise the office of critics themselves; they thus destroy the error, and raise criticism simultaneously, to become, in consequence, and only by so doing really to become, artists who can fearlessly deliver themselves up to the impulse of their inspiration, regardless of any æsthetic definition of their purpose. But the moment which imperatively demands this effort has already arrived; we *must* do what we cannot help, if we would not fall to the ground in contemptible idiocy.

But what, now, is the error suspected by us all, but not known?

I have, lying before me, the work of an excellent and experienced critic; a long article entitled "Die moderne Oper," in Brockhaus's *Gegenwart*. The author collects all the remarkable apparitions of modern opera, and teaches us, from them, most plainly the whole history of the error and its revelations; he almost points out this error with his finger; nearly reveals it to our eyes, and then feels so incapable of pronouncing with decision his reason, that he is compelled to prefer, when arrived at the point of the necessary decision, to lose himself in the most erroneous representations of the apparition itself, for the purpose of again tarnishing, to a certain degree, the mirror which, up to that time, was continuing to shine more and more clearly for us. He *knows* that opera has no historical (it should be, natural) origin, and that it did not spring from the people but from artistic caprice; he *guesses* the injurious character of this caprice quite correctly, when he points out, as a sad misapprehension on the part of most of the living German and French operatic composers; "that they exert themselves in the path of musical characteristic to produce effects which we can only attain by the sagacious words of dramatic poetry;" he comes to the well-grounded doubt, whether opera, in itself, is not a completely contradictory and unnatural form of art; he represents—though, in this instance, almost unconsciously—this unnaturalness as carried in Meyerbeer's works to the most unbecoming pitch; and then, instead of pronouncing roundly, and curtly, the necessary conclusion which is almost already known to everyone, suddenly endeavours to assure criticism eternal life, by expressing his regret that Mendelssohn's early death prevented—that is to say, postponed—the solution of the riddle! What does the critic express by this regret? At any rate only, the assumption that Mendelssohn, with his refined intelligence and extraordinary musical capabilities, must either have been able to write an opera in which the proven contradictions of this form of art were brilliantly overcome and reconciled, or, from the fact, in spite of the aforesaid intelligence and capabilities, of his not being able to effect the task, that he would finally and satisfactorily have borne witness to these contradictions, and thus

exhibited the form in question as unnatural and void? The critic believed, therefore, that he could only make such a proof dependent upon the will of an especially-gifted—musical—individuality? Was Mozart an inferior musician? Is it possible to find anything more perfect than every piece in his *Don Juan*? But what could Mendelssohn, under the most favourable circumstances, have done more than produce, piece for piece, compositions equal, on the score of perfection, to those of Mozart? Or does the critic want something else—does he want more than Mozart gave us? In truth, he does; he wants the great, uniform structure of the whole drama—strictly speaking—the drama in its greatest fullness and potency. On whom, however, does he make this demand? On the musician! The whole result of his penetrating survey of the apparitions of opera, the tight knot, of which he had grasped all the threads of perception in his skilful hand—he lets go, and throws everything back once again into the old chaos! He wants a house built, and applies to the sculptor or upholsterer; of the architect, however—who comprises in himself both sculptor and upholsterer, as well as all the other persons whose help is necessary to the erection of the house, because he gives an object and arrangement to their common exertions—the critic never thinks! He had himself solved the riddle, though it was not the light of day that guided him to the solution, but the effect of a flash of lightning in the gloom of night, the paths only becoming more undiscernible than before after the disappearance of the flash. Thus he gropes about, at last, in the most complete darkness, and, where the error stands palpably, in the most naked repulsiveness, and most prostitute-like exposure, as in Meyerbeer's operas, the critic, perfectly bewildered, thinks he perceives the bright outlet; he stumbles and falls, every instant, over hedges and ditches; at each object with which he comes in contact, he feels a sensation of loathing; his breath fails him, in the suffocating, unnatural air he is compelled to breathe,—and yet he believes himself on the right and healthy road to his salvation, for which reason he takes all the pains in the world to deceive himself as to everything standing in his way, and of bad augury on the aforesaid road. And yet, although unconsciously, he is on the road to salvation; this is, in reality, the road out of error; in fact, it is even more; it is the end of this path, for it is the destruction of this error, pronounced at the highest point of the error, and the name of this destruction is here—the notorious death of Opera—a death to which Mendelssohn's guardian angel set his seal, when he closed his favourite's eyes at the right time.

That the solution of the riddle lies before us, that it is clearly and manifestly pronounced in the apparitions, but that critics, like artists, can still arbitrarily turn away from their perception—this forms what is really lamentable in the present epoch of art. However honestly we may strive to busy ourselves only with the true tenor of art, however honourably indignant we may take the field against falsehood, we yet deceive ourselves as to the said tenor, and fight only with the weakness of this deception against the falsehood, as soon as, with regard to the constitution of the most effectual form of art in which music is publicly communicated, we diligently continue in the error from which that form of art involuntarily sprang, and to which alone we must attribute its notorious breaking-up, and the exposition of its nothingness. It almost strikes me that you require great courage, and an especially bold determination, to acknowledge the error and publicly to say so; it seems to me, as if you felt the disappearance of all necessity for your present task of musical art-production, immediately you had made the confession, in reality necessary, to which you would, therefore, only bring yourselves with the most complete sacrifice of self. On the other hand, however, it appears to me as if it required neither strength nor trouble, and, least of all, courage and boldness, immediately there is no question of anything more than to acknowledge simply and without any show of amazement or perplexity, what is notorious, long since felt, but at present become quite undeniable. I almost dread stating, in a loud voice, the short formula of the detection of the error, because I am ashamed of publishing with the importance of a weighty novelty something so clear,

so simple, and, of itself, so certain, that, in my belief, all the world must have known it for a long time, and without the slightest doubt. If, therefore, I state this formula with rather more than usual stress, if I, therefore, assert the error in the form of art, opera, consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) was made the end, and the end of expression (the Drama), the means, I in no way do so from the vain notion that I have discovered anything new, but with the view to place in a palpably clear light the error exposed in this formula, in order thus to take the field against the wretched incompleteness which now prevails among us in art and criticism. If, with the match of the truth contained in this detection of the error, we throw a light upon the apparitions in our operatic art and criticism, we must perceive, with astonishment, in what a labyrinth of folly we have hitherto moved, with regard to our creations and opinions; it must become explicable to us why, not only in the task of creation, every inspired effort necessarily founded on the rocks of impossibility, but, in that of pronouncing an opinion, the most clever heads fell into foolish talk and mad raving.

Is it first necessary to prove the nothingness, in the detection of the error already stated, of the art-form, opera? Can it possibly be doubted that, in opera, the music is employed really as the end, and the drama merely as the means? The most cursory survey of the historical development of opera gives us an unmistakable lesson on this head: every one, who troubles himself about the establishment of this development, would involuntarily—by his historical labours alone—detect the truth. Opera did not proceed from the people's plays of the middle ages, in which plays we can trace the naturally combined working of the musical with the dramatic art; but in the luxurious courts of Italy—and it is a remarkable fact, that Italy is the only great country of European civilisation, where the drama was never developed in anything like an important degree—certain noble personages, who no longer derived any pleasure from Palestrina's church music, hit upon the idea of having *airs*, that is to say, national melodies deprived of their *naïveté* and truth, sung to them by singers, entrusted with the task of amusing them at festivals, and to these *airs* were joined, involuntarily, and of necessity with a certain appearance of dramatic connection, texts in verse. This *dramatic cantata*—the tenor of which aimed at everything except drama—is the mother of our modern opera; in fact, it is opera itself. The further it proceeded in its development from this starting point, the more consistently did the form of the air, which was left as yet as the only musical portion, adapt itself to the skill of the singers' throats; the more clear became the task of the poet, whose aid was invoked for these musical *divertissements*; and this task consisted in furnishing a poetical outline destined to serve no other purpose on earth than to supply the wants of the singer and the musical form of the air with the necessary words. Metastasio's great reputation arose from his never causing the musician the least embarrassment, his never making any unusual demands upon him, in a dramatic point of view, and in his thus being the most obedient and most useful slave of the said musician. Has this relation of the poet to the musician changed, even as much as a hair's breadth, up to the present day? It has, truly, in what, according to pure musical judgment, is considered dramatic, and certainly differs from the old Italian opera; but not in the least with regard to the characteristic nature of the relation itself. Such is the case, and, at present, just as 150 years ago, the poet must receive his inspirations from the composer; observe the caprices of the music; bend to the inclination of the musician, in obedience to whose taste he must choose his subject; model his characters to suit the various kinds of voice of the singers, necessary for the purely musical combinations; provide dramatic foundations for certain musical forms, in which the musician desires to indulge at length—in a word, he must, in his subordinate position to the musician, only construct his piece on the specially musical intentions of the composer—or, if he will not, or cannot, put up with all this, be considered useless as an operatic poet. Is this true or not? I doubt whether the least objection can be raised against this statement.

The end of opera, therefore, always lay, as it does at the present time, in the music. It is only to furnish the efficiency of



the music with more extended scope, justifiable somehow or other, that the aim of the drama is *lugged in*—naturally not for the purpose of ousting the aim of the music, but rather to serve as means for it. This is even acknowledged, without opposition, on all sides; no one attempts to deny the above-named relation of the drama to the music, of the poet to the musician; only, looking at the uncommon propagation and effective capabilities of opera, people have believed they must be on friendly terms with a monstrous apparition, and even allow it is able, in its unnatural power, to effect something new, something never heard of, or previously suspected, namely: *to produce real drama upon the basis of absolute music.*

When, therefore, I select as the aim of this book, the task of proving that, from the joint working of our music, especially, with the art of dramatic poetry, the drama might and can gain a degree of importance never previously suspected, I must, in order to obtain that aim, first begin with a minute exposition of the incredible error, in which those are involved, who believe they must look for the higher form of the drama through the constitution of our modern opera; that is to say, from the unnatural relation of poetry to music.

Let us, therefore, first turn our attention to the constitution of this opera.

### A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 310.)

THE application of music to theatrical representations goes back as far as the representation themselves. Already, with the Greeks, music was inseparable from tragedy and comedy; in the Middle Ages it bore a part in the sacred farces, which were called Mysteries, spiritual pieces, and sacramental actions; at a later period they introduced it into interludes and masques. In the ballets they were compelled to make use of it; and, after the pieces had assumed a more regular character, it served as in our days—to fill up the inter-acts. Sometimes, too, it was employed as a supplement or an episode. But none of these applications of music in theatrical pieces produced the musical drama, or even originated it. Not one of them constituted a part of the fundamental principle, that song is the *national language*, or the proper form of truth in opera, as rhythmical verse is in tragedy; and that, for this reason, it must never be interrupted, lest there arise a poetic contradiction and a lie. For the rest, there was more lack of knowledge how to set about it, than of correct æsthetic ideas. As yet there was no style suited to the theatre, and no one who would have understood the need of it. The dramatic style was of no advantage, so long as music did not identify itself with action, but appeared only as something superadded, which might be introduced or left out at arbitrary pleasure. Hymns and choruses of devils in choral song, popular melodies, dancing tunes, an alteration of instruments and sometimes a sort of musical recitation, full of the most nonsensical extravagance—like the *Ballet Comique de la Mayne*, for example;\* more than this the public taste did not desire, and in this spectacle everything was in perfect keeping with everything else. Poet and musician could embrace like brothers; neither had aught to object to the other, nor any cause for envy.

On the whole, this style was still better than the madrigal style, which prevailed on the stage towards the end of the sixteenth century, of which the *Antiparnasso d'Orasio Vecchi*, performed in Modena in 1581, affords a proof. In this *Commedia Armonia*, the choruses and monologue together are written in madrigals. Imagine the hero of the piece relating his sorrows or his love in a fugued aria for five voices! The singers were stationed behind the scenes, and the actor, who, for the sake of more complete illusion, had to observe a singing attitude, performed, as I suppose, a corresponding pantomime.

Several noble Florentines, persons of mind and taste, with Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, at their head, keenly felt the ludicrousness of this application of the madrigal style to the

theatre, and the injury that could not but accrue therefrom to the dramatic art. Count Vernio, and his numerous train of friends and *protégés*, formed among themselves a literary circle, one of those thousand "Academies," with, and without names, which, at that time, began to cover the Peninsula. All these persons were Hellenists, Latinists, Belletrists, Philologists, and Archæologists, as well as *dilettanti*; but it seems that these associates were better versed in Sophocles and Euripides, than they were in counterpoint. For this reason; they must have had even less taste than others for the learned music of their time, which was so little favourable to *dilettantism*, and which, to be enjoyed, required the studies and special acquirements of a professor. Especially offensive to them was the more than inhuman treatment, to which the contrapuntists subjected the poets. We have already seen what a disturbing effect the old fugue style had, not only upon the poetic harmony, but also upon the whole grammatical construction. They repeated the words *ad infinitum*; they lengthened out syllables without rhyme or reason; they changed long words into short, and *vice versa*; they dismembered phrases without any mercy; they flung into your ear at the same time the beginning, middle, and end of a sentence; the text was nothing but a maimed and undistinguishable corpse, of which it might be said, without metaphor—*disiecta membra poetæ*. For a long period had this insolent contempt, or rather this juggling with the words, excited the downright ill-will of the *literati*. To reform the misuse of the music, as it was, would have been of little consequence; the fugue in its very nature was incorrigible. They had to annihilate it; they had to create a new music, which sounded differently from counterpoint, and differently from the popular melodies, since they were not worthy to be united with the noble and classic poetry, which, no doubt, the *beaux-esprits* of Florence wrote.

But whence should they derive the elements of this innovation? What model should they choose? With whom should they league themselves against the living musicians, if not with the dead, from whom all light and wisdom emanated? So they conjured up the spirit of the Greek music into the hall of the Academic fraternity of the palace of Vernio, as the old lawgiver of harmony had also done six or seven centuries before. This time the spectre answered unintelligibly to the question put to it. They amused themselves no more with commenting upon Boethius; they let theory alone, and held on exclusively to some ideas, which appeared as certain as they were clear, and from which they could derive an immediate and practical advantage. It was then clearly proved that the Greeks recited their theatrical pieces with musical accompaniment from beginning to end; that they possessed instruments, which supported and accompanied the voice; that their choruses sang in chorus, and their principal characters alone; that their song-speech did not differ much from the rising and falling of the voice in words; that they had, properly speaking, no rhythm, etc., etc. These points fixed, and under the personal guidance of Count Vernio, Vincenzio Galilei—the father of the great Galilei, and one of the most zealous champions against the music of the day—made an attempt at a monody (song in one part, solo) or declamation by means of notes. He recited, as well as he could, a passage from Dante—the episode of the Count Ugolino—accompanying himself with the lute; and the whole academy clapped its hands with rapture at the, this time, genuine re-birth of the ancients. All were of opinion that the modern counterpoint would have to crumble into dust before this phantom, which had about as little form as substance, and which was baptized with the name *stilo nuovo, stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo, and musica parlante*. There were, as history informs us, many persons who made merry about Galilei and his rude style. These were ignoramuses, contrapuntists, and melodists, who understood nothing of the speaking music, because it talked Greek, which, to these people, was the same as Hebrew.

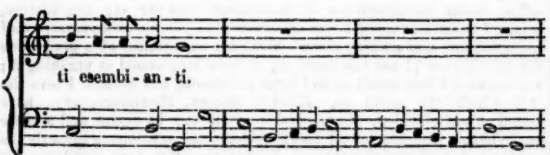
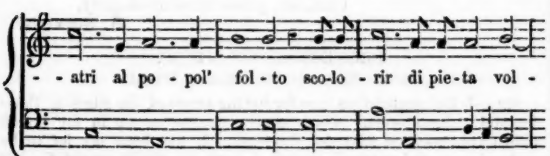
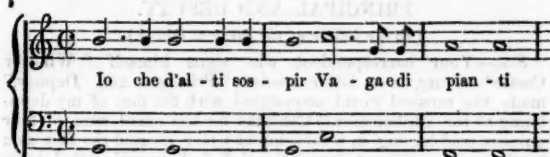
Highly elated by their success in a small sphere, the society of Vernio resolved to undertake lofty inventions on a grand scale, namely, on the theatre, which they were to re-mould, reducing the music to silence, and the poetry to singing; since the latter for a long time had ceased to sing, although it obstinately insisted that it did sing. The plan was no sooner sketched, than

\* Performed at the Court of Henry III., King of France, 1581.

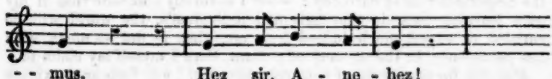
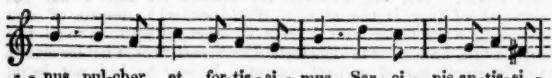
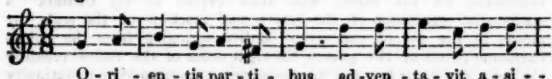
it was put into execution. Rinuccini, one of the poets of the company, wrote the poem; two other members, who called themselves musicians—Peri and Caccini, to whom Monteverde afterwards added himself—set the declamation and the orchestral accompaniment to notes; and all Florence, full of admiration, applauded the successive representations of *Dafne*, *Eurydice*, *Anasia*, *Orfeo*, and other pieces, which are justly considered as the beginning of opera, although no play in the world could be less like it. The reader shall judge for himself:—

## PROLOGUE TO "EURIDICE."

Sung by Tragedy, and repeated through seven stanzas.



But does not every lover of music prefer to this music—which speaks, and says absolutely nothing, this harmonic and melodic nullity, these murderous fifths and octaves—the following:—



this song, as old as the hills, which was sung at certain festivals all through the middle ages?

At the same time we must not overlook the fact, that at the period of Giovanni Bardi, the works of Palestrina and Allegri already existed; there were church concertos by Viadana,

which, without ceasing to be church-like, were yet very melodious; there was the madrigals of Lucca Marenzio, in which some grace and elegance glimmered through the fugue; there were the madrigals of Monteverde, which had more and better melody than those of Marenzio; there were even the pretty Neapolitan songs, and others of which we have spoken; in a word, there was tolerable music. To pique oneself then upon so poor a discovery as the *stilo nuovo*, and prefer it greatly to other productions—some of which were excellent, others genial and full of art, and others again pleasing and intelligible to every one, one must needs not only not trouble himself about music, but not even feel it. From this it is clear, that the notion of these moderns turned upon a literary reformation, whose results would surely kill the music, and only keep the words alive. They meant to exercise the right of retaliation upon the musicians.

But, I shall be asked, since Count Vernio and his friends were such poor music-lovers, why did they have their theatrical pieces sung in this way, when the worst ordinary declamation would have been a thousand times better? But do not forget that this protector of writers was himself a very zealous Hellenist, and that, in this capacity, he must have seen the perfection of the dramatic art in an indissoluble union of poesy with song; a song, to be sure, which was the slave of the words, without melody and without harmony, precisely as that of the Greeks was. He deceived himself, as we see, as well in his view of the drama in general, as about the means of the lyric drama in particular; he was deceived altogether, and it was his very errors, his prejudices as a scholar, that led him to so true and so logical a conclusion, in an inverse sense, to wit; that what was needed on the stage before all was a speaking music (speaking in every sense—that is to say, imitative, analogous, expressive in itself, and therefore just the opposite of his music); and, secondly, that the music must never suffer any interruption, after it has once fairly engaged in the action. For Vernio this meant as much as no harmony, no melody, and no musical expression. But to us it means their uninterrupted continuance. To the invention of Monody, then, belongs the singular glory, of having set forth indeed the true principles, but with a perverted explanation, and, if possible, a still worse application. It was with them precisely as it was with the alchemists. They found nothing of what they sought; neither the antique song-speech, nor the Greek tragedy, nor its wonderful effects; but the pursuits of this sort of philosopher's stone opened the way to very interesting and valuable discoveries of another kind. Apart from the archaeological reveries, and the absurdity of the means they employed, there lay something very rational in the fundamental thought of these Florentine scholars. To restore to the poet his right of being understood, and to knit music to the piece by lasting and indissoluble ties—the necessity whereof no one until then had comprehended—was virtually expressing the great principle of lyric-dramatic truth in its whole extent. An enlightened and fruitful principle, which would necessarily, in a later epoch and in more skilful hands, bring masterpieces to light. For the learned world it was enough to have spoken of the path into which it would be best to strike; but there they were destined to stand still and not point out the line of march. All the rest was the affair of the musicians.

It is true, there was a very learned man, Monteverde, who, from the outset, mingled in the *stilo nuovo* enterprise. Monteverde was the renovator of another kind, and as such exposed to the censure of his brethren. The chagrin occasioned by these criticisms, which frequently were too well deserved, the hope of distinguishing himself in a new career, and perhaps some prompting devil or other, induced him to compose speaking music; and, while he wished to surpass Peri and Caccini, he spoke even much more than these men.\* It was a just punishment for his apostasy. For a vain idol he had renounced the worship of counterpoint, to which his calling and his real feelings led him. The intolerable theatrical composer afterwards became an excellent chapel-master to the Church of St. Mark in Venice.

While the Florentine Society was applying the representative

\* So I judge from the examples found in Burney.

style to the profane drama, a Roman nobleman, Emilio del Cavaliere, made an attempt at sacred drama, or oratorio. Geniuses are sometimes met with, as well as elegant wits. The oratorio was a continuation of the "Old Mysteries," or "Sacred Transactions," which were no longer played, but which continued to be sung in some of the churches at Rome, to attract the multitude. By an exception, however, or a favour, the reason whereof history does not disclose, this sacred drama of Cavaliere—called *L'Anima ed il Corpo* (the soul and the body)—was produced in Rome, with dances, decorations, and all the conditions of an actual play, in a theatre which lies in the immediate vicinity of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella. Cavaliere's recitative appears to me somewhat less bad than that of the Florentine, inasmuch as it approaches nearer to the church-song. The choruses are not worth talking about.

A third form, which the representative music soon assumed, was the chamber cantata, or reciting drama, which, connected from the first with the fate of the opera, underwent all its gradual modifications, produced masterpieces from the pens of Carissimi and Scarlatti, and, as a form, became extinct in the wonderful *Orfeo* of Pergolesi.

The introduction of speaking music had an equally immense effect on the sacred as on the profane drama. How are we to explain the applause bestowed on this monotonous and soporific recitation, this tedious psalmody, whose form and accent the Russian beggars alone seem to have preserved? This is not the most graceful manner, I admit, of begging alms, but, I maintain, it is the surest way to get it. The most acknowledged miser could not resist such an appeal two minutes, and yet the *beau monde* of the seventeenth century endured this singing, which lasted whole hours long; yes, and applauded it, was in raptures, inspired, enchanted with it! Was it the music of Peri and Caccini that produced this? No, certainly not; one must be more than credulous to believe that. The men of that time had nerves as well as we; and if anything in the opera pleased them, it was assuredly not the music, but many other things, which claimed their interest and their feelings, prevented their receiving the entire impression of the music, and made them, as it were, insensible. The opera, at that time, was an amusement for princes, a rare and brilliant spectacle, reserved for festival occasions only, whereat the whole pomp of the court and splendour of the most festal gala was unfolded. *Eurydice*, for example, was given during the festivals on occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Maria di Medici. If one had the honour to be admitted to festivals of this sort, he felt too comfortable and too happy; at all events, the eyes were much too busy to allow of analysing the elements of a play with a calmly attentive and critical spirit. The *ensemble* of the spectacle delighted the beholders, and this delight extended also to the music, to which they scarcely listened.

Moreover, one fact stands established, which proves to demonstration into what contempt the speaking music fell with the Italian, from the moment that the novelty was over. After the opera had descended from its lofty sphere and had been transformed into a mere industrial enterprise, the *Impresario*—which happen about the middle of the seventeenth century—the *entrepreneurs* in their announcements mentioned neither the name of the poet, nor composer; on the contrary the name of the machinist was printed in large letters. So words and music passed for nothing in the opera! Naturally an exhibition, so entirely empty in both these respects, could only interest and sustain itself by great scenic outlay. Recourse was necessarily had to all the childish tricks which catch the eye; mythological divination were suspended by cords from Heaven, or ascended through trap-doors out of Tartarus; the stage swarmed with nymphs and satyrs, whose gambols, peals of laughter, jokes and amorous toyings charmed the public; and to crown all these wonders, they made whole squadrons of cavalry manoeuvre on the stage in pieces in which the heroes of Greek and Roman history appeared; the public was more interested in the horses than in the riders, as might be expected. Between these two classes of persons there was not an equal chance. The singers did not sing and scarcely played, whereas the horses of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have possessed some of the talents of our horses.

The play in Italy, then, was constructed precisely like that afterwards in France, which the contemporaries of Louis XIV. regarded as the general focus of the fine arts, and as the wonder of wonders. Quinault, the king's twenty-four violins, and, above all, the money of the king, gave to Baptiste Lulli, in fact, some advantage over his Italian predecessors. Boileau was not the less the best judge in France, when he said, that nowhere can one have such costly *enhai* as at the opera.

—Mozart (To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### PRINCIPAL AND DEPUTY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "Windsor Castle" having, in a letter headed "Principal and Deputy," made the musical world acquainted with the fact of my deputising at the Philharmonic Concerts for the small sum of four guineas, and having in a subsequent letter treated the fact as a "silly report without foundation," I feel myself called upon (lest my silence should be misconstrued) to confirm his original statement; and I desire to add that, when the gentleman for whom I played required my services, he simply desired me to attend in his stead; and, after I had done so, he presented me with the amount which has been made the subject of so much comment. This sum I received *volens volens*; and, I am sure, the profession will readily attribute my continuing to play at the Philharmonic, for one-fourth of the salary usually paid, to a proper feeling of ambition on my part to eventually obtain the honourable distinction of a permanent position in that orchestra.

I am, sir, yours most obediently,

A. SIMMONS.

### PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I feel grateful to you for having removed the edges of those dreadful "*Square-toes*," which nearly tripped me up in my march amidst your columns advanced this week. It has been my lot to be snubbed as an "Amateur," though I have thankfully earned for my family a hundred or two of pounds out of the toils of an Organist's office, under circumstances of discomfort, not to say degradation, which I never suspected I was submitting to for my own pleasure and gratification, and nothing more. With the annoyances of a professor's life full in view (I use the small *p*), I have long aimed at pursuing it; not because I love small *ps* and large privations, but because I love the Art which the small *ps*, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., have toiled at and glorified. Considerable prejudices at home, and a little malevolence abroad, have hitherto fettered my movements towards the professorship of my choice; and I have therefore been drudging for some time at an exercise for a Professorship of the "*Square-toes*" School (now I use the large *P*!) But perish all my aspirations of the sort, if my Degree "*of the future*" is to be dependent on the will of "the great head of the Western Church, the Trine Archbishop, the Holy Father of Rome," on the one hand, or of any Reverend Gentleman on the other, who shall expect in my Cantata "a gladiatorial exhibition of the action and reaction of the scale, by means of the use of concurrent *motivi* springing from the salient harmonic points of the gamut, the right order of the ratios creating the form, and their free and unconstrained succession giving continuity and power." No, Sir, although my masters are men I am not ashamed of (nor is the *Musical World* either) I despair of ever becoming a Professor with a large *P*, when, in addition to all this mystic fuss, I read that the late Oxford Professor "could not harmonize the few simple bars of a chant correctly, because he had not learnt the origin and rule of harmony!"—for I naturally conclude that if my own learning exceeds that lamented individual's, the world will be entitled to expect much indeed from me, when he did so much, with less proficiency, in the mystery of a chant, than I myself lay claim to.

But, Sir, for the saving of your valuable time, I will forbear to express all the confusion into which the "*square toes*" have kicked me, *per saltum*, as learned folks say; especially as you have proved to my satisfaction that I may soon recover, and use my contrapuntal studies *as means to an end*. But a few words as to that end and I have done. My end is to be a decent musician, acceptable amongst the fraternity, and trustworthy as a teacher, for the sake of my professional necessities. My only



difficulty is this, that whereas I have hitherto suffered the reproach of an *Amateur*, how am I to reach the blessedness of a *Professor*—seeing that, with some thinkers, an *Amateur* is not worth his bread and cheese, and a *Professor* (with a large *P*!) is not in want of any? Again, I always thought a College was an Institution where poor gentlemen could be provided with the benefits and honours of education at little or no cost; but I find myself deluded; for not only must a good round sum be paid for a degree, but there must also (according to Oxford) be manifested a fluency in terms and dogmas, and pedantic phrases which can only be bought of a Professor with a large *P*, who, being a *Divine*, a *Baronet*, “*Grand Compounder*,” or what not, may scorn to give lessons in music, and at the same time may consider the ordinary tutelage of the small *p*'s (Händel, Mozart, and their successors) too contemptible for acceptance at “the learned University of Oxford.”

May I hope for more light from your opinions on this matter? Perhaps you could point me out some University “learned” enough to recognise our beloved Queen as the Supreme Temporal Power in these realms, and not the Roman gentleman who, a few years back, took his Footman's Degree in plush breeches.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Very faithfully, yours,

ROUND-TONE.

#### WHOSE IS THE BALLET OF EVA?

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I do not address you the following in reply to a letter which appeared in your last number, for you will, I think, confess hereafter that its author is beneath notice; but merely to solve the riddle (which I leave to your own decision) of “Whose is the ballet of *Eva*?” The facts are these:

Three or four months ago, when Mad. Cerito was engaged, I concocted a plot, based on the idea of the drama of *Faust* and *Marguerite* at the Princess's Theatre, in which the character of Mephistopheles tempts a young painter on the eve of marriage, by causing one of his satellites (Satanella) to assume the living semblance of a painting, of which Karl (the painter) had become enamoured. Satanella, however, falls in love with Karl, and refuses to deliver him to the demon, who consigns him to everlasting torture, but, being pardoned by Heaven for her devotion, is seen, in the last scene, surrounded by angels.—In short, the ballet of *Eva*, as it stands, with the exception of the first short scene. I communicated this outline to Mad. Cerito, with which she was greatly pleased.

About this time I met a certain M. Pelez de Cordova, a gentleman who, I have since learned, has played several characters, more or less creditable to himself, during his sojourn in England, which dates from 1848. M. Pelez de Cordova (au premier abord) is a charming person, endowed with a fluency of fine language, and with whom any one would be dazzled; but in justice, I must also say, not without talent. This gentleman earnestly offered to turn the *libretto* of my ballet into poetical French, so that I might offer it in a more complete form to Madame Cerito on my return to Paris. At the same time, he gave me the idea of making the painting the likeness of Karl's former mistress, thereby introducing the first scene of the present ballet. This idea I was delighted to accept, as it agreed with the rest of the subject. In return, I offered him half of whatever the *Ballet of Eva* (which now became the title, as there was no longer a Satanella) might produce abroad; explaining that at Covent Garden I was only too happy to offer it to a management to which I was devotedly attached. M. Pelez de Cordova replied, in his usual specious manner, that he did not deem the idea of any value; and that he was delighted to be of any service to a gentleman (myself) whose acquaintance he was so proud to have formed. However, notwithstanding his disinterestedness, he found means to borrow, at different times, eight or ten pounds of me; in fact, I thought him such a charming fellow at that time, that he could have had much more had he asked for it. I also, one day at rehearsal, introduced him to Mad. Cerito, Mons. Desplaces, and several others, as the gentleman who had written the *libretto* of the ballet in French, and who had furnished the idea for the first scene. My friend Cordova, however, did not produce the same effect on them as on me, and I was advised to have as little to do with him as possible. The sequel will prove they were right. On the morning after *Eva* was produced, pleased at its success, I called on Cordova, and begged him to accept the money I had lent him, in return for the trouble he had taken on my behalf. After a deal of pressing he reluctantly consented, at the same time assuring me it never was his intention to accept anything. The next morning, judge of my surprise on receiving an insulting letter, in which he claimed £30 or £40 for his labour, threatening that in

case I did not accede to his demand, he would publish pamphlets accusing me of usurping the whole credit of the *Ballet*. I immediately sent for him, but he refused to face me, and despatched a friend, who assured me Cordova was in very indifferent circumstances, and that I ought to do something for him, as my position in the world was so much better than his. I now saw what sort of person I had to deal with, and thought it cheap to get rid of him at any price, since I had already introduced him to my family and friends. I then, I must confess, very foolishly, gave his friend £12, making him sign me a receipt for £20 (which included the money I had lent him), as a set-off against all claims he might prefer against me, or any other. I feared he might trouble Mr. Gye, who had no knowledge of the transaction, except that some one had aided me in the *Ballet*, which I told him. I paid the money out of my own pocket. I enclose a letter from Madame Cerito and M. Desplaces, who vouch for the truth of what I have stated.

Now the solving of the riddle remains, Mr. Editor, in your own hands.

M. Cordova wrote to the *Messenger des Théâtres* (of which I should have taken no notice had not his letter appeared in the *Musical World*) for the sake of notoriety, and because I had given him his *congé*, he had the impudence, after getting the £12, to write me a most friendly (*tutoyant*) letter, as if nothing had happened, returning me another *Ballet*, which he had of mine to translate, and offering some new idea on it.—However, “once bit, twice shy.” A. HARRIS.

#### FROM MADAME CERITO.

MONSIEUR,—Quatre mois avant l'ouverture du Théâtre Royal Covent Garden, Monsieur Harris me fit le récit d'un ballet qu'il venait de composer pour moi.

A mon arrivée à Londres, je vis à mon grand regret qu'une scène avait été ajoutée au commencement du ballet, ce que je n'ai point approuvé, car l'idée, n'étant pas nouvelle, j'aurais préféré l'original.

Je puis vous affirmer que M. Pelez de Cordova m'a été présenté par Mr. Harris comme le traducteur Français du ballet d'Eva.

Je profite de cette circonstance pour vous prier, Monsieur, d'agréer mes remerciements bien sincères pour les charmants articles que vous avez eu la bonté d'insérer en ma faveur dans votre estimable journal.—Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération,

A Monsieur l'Éditeur du  
Musical World.

FANNY CERITO.

#### FROM M. DESPLACES.

MONSIEUR,—Je vous affirme que Monsieur Harris m'a présenté Monsieur Pelez de Cordova, comme le traducteur, et non comme l'auteur du ballet d'Eva.—Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, mes civilités respectueuses,  
A Monsieur l'Éditeur du  
Musical World.

M. DESPLACES.

#### MASTER ISAACS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your review of the performance of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, in your paper of the 19th instant, in speaking of Master Isaacs, “King's scholar,” you state that he is a pupil of mine. It would be a great injustice for me to allow that to be believed. He is a pupil of Mr. H. Blagrove, and I think, every way deserves the encomiums you bestowed upon him.

May, 1855.

Yours, most respectfully,  
P. SAINTON.

WORCESTER.—At the fifth Monday evening concert, the vocal pieces consisted of songs, duets, and glees, by Bishop and others. The organ pieces were from Händel, Mozart, &c. Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Evans, Mr. Topham, and Mr. Cooper, were the singers. At the sixth concert, vocal and organ pieces from Rineck, T. Cooke, Verdi, Keller, F. Mori, W. Haynes, Rossini, Bishop, Attwood, Mendelssohn, and Hatton, were performed.

The Amateur Choral Society, which has not long had existence, gave an entertainment in the Wesleyan School Room, Friar Street, on Tuesday evening. The members were assisted by several leading vocalists of the Harmonic Society. The programme consisted of popular songs, duets, madrigals, and choruses. The audience appeared much gratified with the performance.

GENEVA.—The *Eidgenössisches Musikfest* is postponed until next year.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER.**—*Mr. Balfe is at Venice, with his wife and daughter. He is engaged upon a new opera.*

**ERRATUM.**—For "Sarvadi," read *M. Frederic Szarvady, as the fortunate husband of Mlle. Wilhelmina Claus. M. Szarvady was formerly Secretary to the Count Teleky, Ambassador to France from the Hungarian Republic. He was also a contributor to the Cologne Gazette.*

**MUSICA.**—(Leipsic).—*None of the contributions of which "Musica" speaks have come to hand. His letter will appear next week.*

**C. A. B.**—(Cologne).—*Next week. We are positively deluged with matter for the present number.*

**J. A. B.**—(Birmingham).—*Next week! Next week!*

**MR. H. HILL.**—*Press of matter compels us to postpone the communication of Mr. Hill until our next number, moreover, we have some remarks to make ourselves upon the subject, for which we have not been able to find time this week.*

**AN AMATEUR.**—*Our Correspondent would do well to offer his services to the Amateur Musical Society. He should apply to Mr. Henry Leslie, the conductor. About the Royal Academy of Music he can obtain the fullest information at No. 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26TH, 1855.

PROFESSOR PRAEGER continues his interesting letters to our New York musical contemporary. He blows the trumpet, as usual, for Richard Wagner, and bullies those who decline to share his admiration for that iconoclast. *The Athenæum*, it is well known, has not declared for the "Music of the Future." *The Athenæum* must, therefore, be discredited among the Yankees; and a first blow has been administered, by the furious pedagogue of Hamm, whose zeal for Wagner leads him into strange convulsions. Mr. Chorley is admonished in the following bad English:—

"On dit that Mr. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, contemplates another drama. After the dead failure of two of his pieces last season, within a fortnight, we admire his perseverance more than his judgment. Mr. Chorley's abuse against Liszt and Wagner is quite amusing; but his book about Germany and its music is quite the contrary. How the *Athenæum* can engage a musical critic who does not understand anything about music, is a question which it will be puzzled to answer."

We have read all the writings of Mr. Chorley, but never detected any abuse "against" Liszt. That the music of Herr Wagner is no more to his liking than the doctrines of the school of which Herr Wagner is the light, or the stick by means of which Herr Wagner has almost succeeded in knocking a fine orchestra to pieces, is manifest; and often as we have felt bound to differ from the *Athenæum*, we never more heartily agreed with it,—which, however, is of little consequence to the *Athenæum*, or to the *Musical World*. Truth, however, like water, will force its way through all the rocks and shoals that prejudice may interpose. Truth can no more be impeded than the falls of Niagara,—though the course of the last is instantaneous and loud, while that of the first may be slow as the tortoise, its pressure as gentle as from the hand of a maiden.

Like Ernst and Broadwood's pianos, Mr. Frank Mori would seem to stand out of favour with the Hamm professor. His "London Orchestra," the existence of which may be gathered from hebdomadal advertisements in our columns, is thus quietly disposed of:—

"The London Orchestra, which never officiates, notwithstanding the continued advertisements, is dying a gentle death, if indeed, it can

be said to have already lived; some people believe that it was still-born."

The London Orchestra gave one grand concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, sometime ago, and, we believe, no more. We remember that a certain trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was performed on the occasion by its "own" composer—a gentleman whose name, like the professor's, began with a P and ended with an R. Did the trio kill the Orchestra?—and, if not, why no more concerts?

Some more revelations about the progressive influence of Wagner on the Philharmonic band, and on the musical taste of England:—

"Now the musicians of the Old Philharmonic orchestra, although not at first liking the exertion of following their new conductor's *baton*, because he beats after the German method, and that being a foreign way, and he himself being a foreigner, and one about whom they had heard so many odd tales, they had almost a fancy to take matters coolly, and teach the newly-come Saxon what resistance an Old Philharmonic band could make; but there is no resisting Wagner's unaffected enthusiasm and seriousness when he deals with the works of the great masters, Haydn, Mozart, and, above all, Beethoven; and the band now begin to see that, until Wagner came, they did not know what a conductor was, in an artistic sense, at all events. The directors have insisted on having the *Tannhäuser* overture at the fourth concert."

"The "old band" could play very well, for all that, under Mendelssohn and Spohr; and they were foreigners, and Germans to boot. The former, it is true, descended in a straight line from a certain Jewish philosopher; and Jews are not admitted to the ecstatic bliss of the "future" perfect "whole," of which *Lohengrin* is just a slice in anticipation. Poor Mr. Costa! he, too, is a foreigner.

"The directors insisted on having *Tannhäuser* at the fourth concert;" and they had it. What was thought of it may be gleaned from the criticism we have reproduced elsewhere, to say nothing of our own.

Dr. Wylde, of the New Philharmonic, is in high favour; and so is Mr. Alfred Mellon, of the late Orchestral Union, which "has been dissolved, but only to be remodelled and improved." This smells of a trio and an overture, to one of which we have alluded, while to the other we shall not allude at present. The *Musical World* is again reviled, as a matter of course. It is now a pianist, Herr Klindworth, whose light we are endeavouring to hide under a bushel:—

"The ridiculous spite which exists against Liszt, as the leader of the so-called new school, has as yet been a bar against Klindworth's performing at either of the Philharmonics. The editor of the *Musical World* raves against Liszt and his pupils, and the directors fear that editor's rage, although they become every day more convinced of the striking successes of Klindworth's performances, and that he is, as we stated before, the greatest pianist now in England."

It is hard to unravel such a jumble of disconnected assertions, all unfounded, yet all contradicting each other. Herr Klindworth performs nowhere, because directors' fear the "rage" of an editor; and yet directors become every day more convinced of "the striking successes of his performances"! It is very unfair of Dr. Wylde, Messrs. Anderson and Co., if this be true. Let them rest assured that we shall not be enraged against them for bringing forward at their concerts the "first pianist now in England"—but the contrary. We heard Herr Klindworth once (at Mr. Ella's Musical Winter Evenings). He played Beethoven's Sonata in C (Op. 2) in a style not much to our liking, and an incoherent *fantasia* by his master, which was not at all to our liking. We stated so at the time, but shall be glad to mend our criticism at a second hearing. Nevertheless, we repose but small faith in the spasmodic eulogies of Professor Drei Sterner Plauderein.



Praeger of Hamm, who quotes M. Jouvin, one of the editors of *Figaro*, as an authority, and describes the music of Meyerbeer as "the learned noise of the hyper-charlatanical Signor Giacomo"—taking his cue, as in duty bound, from the "Anti-Judaistic" principles and prejudices of Richard Wagner, in his "book" of *Oper und Drame*, which we are now translating for the benefit of Mr. Dwight of Boston, and other Transatlantic journalists, who, pirates themselves, will not tolerate piracy in others.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *I Puritani* was repeated, and the house was again crowded in every part. We have little to add to what we said of the first performance last week. Signor Mario sang finely, and was again encoined in "A te, o Cara." The music of Riccardo is too low for Signor Graziani; or more properly, Signor Graziani has not low notes to do it justice. For this reason, the duet in the second act, between Riccardo and Georgio, finishing with the famous "Suoni la tromba," produced little or no effect—an unusual thing. Madame Bosio sang exquisitely, and pleased even more than on the Thursday. "Qui la voce" and the *cabaletta*, "Vien mi diletta" went better than ever, and the *romanza* behind the scenes, in the last act, was a perfect specimen of graceful singing.

The fourth performance of *Il Trovatore*, on Tuesday, showed no falling off in the attraction. A crowded and fashionable audience attended, and, in spite of adverse criticisms, Verdi's new opera—thanks to the general excellence of the performance—is making way with the public. Mdle. Jenny Ney was indisposed on Tuesday, and an apology was made for her. She, nevertheless, sang all the music, except the *scena* in the first act, with undiminished effect.

On both evenings the performances were followed by the new ballet, *Eva*. Mdle. Cerito has already become as great a favourite at the Royal Italian Opera as she used to be at Her Majesty's Theatre, where, for several years, she was a cherished idol. That exquisitely infantine grace, which so distinguished Fanny Cerito from other eminent *danceuses*, is quite as remarkable now as ten or twelve years ago. She is still the incarnation of youth and overflowing joy.

The return of Madame Grisi to the stage, after the farewell displays of last season, did not surprise many. Her retreat from the scene of her many triumphs was too sudden and unlooked for to be accepted as an *ultimatum*, and nearly everybody spoke with confidence of her re-appearance for at least one more season. Had Madame Grisi withdrawn from the stage altogether after her first series of "farewells," she would have constituted an exception to a general rule amongst almost all the celebrated artists, vocal and unvocal, we can call to mind. We need only cite Pasta, Catalani, Taglioni, Rubini, and our own Braham, as "extenuations" for Madame Grisi, whom the public is but too delighted to see again, to trouble themselves about whether, "morally," she ought to be there or not. When Benedick vowed to die a bachelor, his excuse, when he found himself betrothed to Beatrice, was that he did not think he should live to be married. May not an artist, who openly retires from public life, frame an excuse after the same fashion. When she withdrew, Grisi did not think she should live to be re-engaged. The plea of the directors is not half so good. It is announced that, in consequence of Madame Grisi's new villa at Florence not being prepared for her reception on her arrival from America, "an opportunity presented itself," etc., etc. According to this, it is to the paper-hangers and plasterers of Florence, that we are indebted for the second series of "positively last appearances" of the illustrious songstress. Well, let us be grateful for the blessing, by what wind soever it is wafted to us. Why grumble at a piece of good luck? Is not the fact, that Grisi has come back, enough, without seeking for a reason? Women (especially singers) are not reasoning creatures, and therefore not responsible—and not being responsible—we have no right to expect them to be reasonable.

Although Donizetti's *Favorita* is no great favorite with the

London public, Mad. Grisi could hardly have selected an opera in which her dramatic powers could be exhibited more advantageously. The last scene is a masterpiece, from the first moment Leonora enters, until she dies at the feet of her lover. Malibran could not have surpassed the pathos and *nature* of her acting.

The recognition of Ferdinando, whom she hears singing in the chapel, the falling exhausted at the foot of the cross, the meeting with her lover, and the intense joy, which endures but an instant, the shudder at Ferdinando's proposal to break his vow, the ultimate prostration of mind and body, terminating in the death of Leonora, constitute a scene too painfully truthful, and which nothing but genius of the highest order could portray. The audience were entranced, and, as the curtain fell slowly to the chant of the monks and acolytes, each spectator held his breath, as if fearful to disturb the solemnity of the moment.

Signor Mario surpassed himself. He sang in his most expressive and passionate manner, and was encoined in the *romanza*, "Angiol d'amore," which he never sang to such perfection. His acting throughout was exceedingly fine, and, in the last scene, he equalled Grisi in grace and pathos.

Signor Graziani sang the music of Alfonso—much better suited to his voice, by the way, than that of Riccardo—with great effect, and was encoined in the *aria*, "A tanto amor"—so popular on barrel-organs. Signor Lablache gave weight and importance to the principal monk, Balthazar; and Mdle. Bellini did her best for the small part of Inez. The dances in the first and second acts were well executed, the latter being strengthened by the charming talent of the young and engaging Mdle. Battalini.

Madame Grisi and Signor Mario were recalled after each act, and received with genuine enthusiasm, especially at the fall of the curtain, when their great compatriot, Lablache, came forward to share the applause. Bouquets—bouquets—bouquets as a matter of course.

And now for the *Nozze di Figaro*. Tamburini comes out in *Don Giovanni*—that other great masterpiece—on Thursday.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERT AT TRIESTE.—For once rumour has been no liar, as we said before, on hearing this celebrated *artiste* prior to her concert, of which we are now prepared to give an account. Miss Goddard is indeed a very great pianist, both as regards energy and ability, and it was a piece of good fortune for those who listened to her playing at the Hôtel de Ville yesterday, when a most brilliant audience, as "select" as it was numerous, assembled. The first piece played by Miss Goddard was a trio of Beethoven's, in which she was assisted by two distinguished amateurs on the violin and violoncello, a work most difficult of execution, and although of great length, enthusiastically encoined. In this trio Miss Goddard conquered almost insuperable difficulties, and displayed uncommon facility and precision. But she surprised if not enchanted us still more in her solos—consisting of a *fantasia* of Thalberg's on themes from Rossini's *Mosè*, and another by Liszt on themes by Donizetti, which she played with a sentiment and expression that went straight to the heart. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that followed the dead silence with which the young pianist was listened to during these two pieces. We have never heard anything like it; all were struck with admiration at the splendid artistic qualities of Miss Goddard. The concert was varied by two pretty songs, in which Signor Smither evinced much talent, and was loudly applauded. This great pianist starts to-morrow for Venice, where she will give some concerts. We are persuaded that she is only to be heard in Venice to repeat the triumph she has accomplished here.—(Translated from "*Il Diavoleto*," *Giornale Triestino*.)

THE DERBY BAL MASQUE took place at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday. The theatre was nicely decorated, and the votaries of Terpsichore did not disperse till daylight had long appeared. The attendance was variable, but, after midnight, considerably numerous.

CAPTAIN WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.—The well-known composer of Ballads and Polkas has been appointed one of the Paymasters of the Turkish Contingent. Here at last we find "the right man in the right place."

## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fourth concert was given on Wednesday night, in aid of the funds of the Lock Asylum, Harrow-road. The hall was crowded, and a programme of great interest and variety was presented to the audience. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.		
Choruses from "The Ruins of Athens" . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Overture, "Melusina" . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Air, "Jessonda," Signor Belletti . . . . .	Spohr.	
Rondo in B minor (pianoforte, M. Alexander Billet)	Mendelssohn.	
Scena, "Oberon," Madame Novello . . . . .	Weber.	
Symphony (No. 4) . . . . .	Beethoven.	
PART II.		
Overture, "Der Freischütz" . . . . .	Weber.	
Finale, "Loreley" (Solo, Madame Novello) . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Scena, "L'Elisir," Signor Belletti . . . . .	Donizetti.	
Part Song (Chorus) . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Wedding March . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Conductor, Dr. Wyld.		

The selection from *The Ruins of Athens* (repeated by desire), comprising the invocation to Minerva and the chorus of dervishes, was much better executed than at the second concert. Greater clearness and decision than were exhibited in the first chorus could hardly have been desired. The voices were occasionally unsteady in the wild psalm of the dervishes, but, on the whole, it went with the utmost spirit. Mendelssohn's overture was anything but satisfactory. The wind instruments were rarely at their ease, and, on the point and delicacy with which their parts are sustained, no little of the result depends. We are of opinion that this overture—a musical illustration of the well-known legend of Melusina, the beautiful mermaid who ensnared a knight—though one of Mendelssohn's most poetical inspirations, is unfitted for so large an arena as Exeter-hall. The utmost refinement is indispensable to the details; and this, even if obtained (as was not the case on the present occasion), would scarcely be appreciable. The rondo in B minor, on the other hand, demands from the pianist a broad and vigorous style of execution, in order to balance the weight of orchestral accompaniments. M. Alexander Billet played with remarkable force and brilliancy, and was accompanied by the band unusually well. Altogether, indeed, a more admirable performance of this fine piece—which, though so hard to render what is conventionally termed "effective," was a favourite with its composer, and is looked upon as a masterpiece by his admirers—has seldom been listened to. M. Billet, whose familiarity with all the music of the great writers is one of his chief titles to consideration, was loudly and unanimously applauded at the end.

The symphony of Beethoven (in B flat) was for the most part executed in a manner that only called for praise. There was no exaggeration, no "new reading," or unaccustomed colouring, but a consistent effort on the part of the conductor to realize, simply and plainly, the intentions of the author. The movement most open to objection was the *scherzo*, where the accent *against time*, so essentially a characteristic of the first part, was not sufficiently indicated; while the *trio*, for which a gentle and unobtrusive expression is required, was somewhat coarse and heavy. The *allegro* was hardly fast and the *adagio* hardly slow enough; but in other respects both these movements, the *adagio* more especially, were finely given. The *finale*, the most difficult of all, was the best—as near the desired perfection, in short, as could easily be managed. The *tempo* was uncompromising; and yet not a point was missed, not a delicate tint nor faintly shadowed contrast disregarded. A real enthusiasm was created by this performance; and when it is remembered that nearly 2,000 persons were listening for more than half an hour, with breathless attention, to one of the most profound and original works of such a composer as Beethoven, it may safely be inferred that of late years the music-master has not been abroad without advantage.

The overture to *Der Freischütz* was encored; and, what is better, was capitally played. We wish we could say as much for the magnificent *finale* to *Loreley*, which the oftener it is heard the more clearly it is evident that, had the opera been finished, a new era in dramatic music would have

commenced. On the whole, though with greater means and appliances than it ever enjoyed before (except on one occasion, at the Birmingham Festival, where it went by no means well), we cannot recollect a more ineffective treatment of this marvellous *finale*, in which the hand of genius and the evidence of consummate experience and taste are manifest from beginning to end. The chorus was little short of slovenly; and against this all the force of the orchestra, all the charm that never fails to attach to a "soprano" so keen and powerful as that of Madame Novello (who "vocalized" the solos of Leonora), were of little avail. The execution, not to enter further into particulars, was unworthy of the New Philharmonic Society. The Wedding March, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as might have been expected, was irreproachable.

The vocal music, without presenting any absolute novelty, was good and well sung. The declamatory air of Dr. Dulcamara is only fit for the stage; but, in the fine battle-song (or rather song of love and battle), assigned to Florestan, in the second act of Spohr's *Jessonda*, Signor Belletti was deservedly encored; while Madame Clara Novello was applauded "to the echo," in "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Better than all, however, was the unpretending, but not less beautiful Spring-Song of Mendelssohn—"Behold the woods in verdure drest"—which displayed the efficiency of Dr. Wyld's chorus in a highly favourable light, and, though it came very late in the evening, was re-demanded and repeated. The three encores, nevertheless, spun out the length of the concert unnecessarily, and did much to tire the performers, and insensibly perplex the audience. We are convinced, had the overture to *Der Freischütz* been played once instead of twice, that the *finale* of *Loreley* would have gone off as well again. Good music exacts strict attention, and too much of it ends by harrassing, where it commenced by enchaining, not only the mental faculties, but the mere sense of hearing. The sooner encores (unless in very signal instances,) are abolished, the better.

## MUSICAL UNION.

The following splendid programme was performed at the third "sitting," on the 15th instant:—

Quartet, No. 2, in G . . . . .	Beethoven.
Trio, E minor, Op. 119, Piano, &c. . . . .	Spohr.
Quintet, in A, Op. 18 . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Solo, Contra-Basso . . . . .	Bottesini.
Accompanyist . . . . .	Signor Bellini.
Solos, Pianoforte . . . . .	Chopin, &c.

Executants:—1st violin, Herr Molique; 2nd violin, Mr. H. Cooper; viola, Mr. Hill; 2nd viola, Herr Goffric; violoncello, Signor Piatti; contra-basso, Signor Bottesini; pianoforte, M. C. Hallé.

We have not space for much comment, though the concert was worth a whole page. Herr Molique is one of the most finished quartet players in the world, and not to mention anything else, his playing in the marvellous *scherzo* of Mendelssohn's quintet, was a model of spirit, delicacy, and judgment. The quartet of Beethoven, and the quintet, in short, were executed to perfection, by all concerned.

M. Hallé ought to hurt his finger once a year. He seems to play all the better since his accident. The trio of Spohr was magnificent—in a word. The wonderful performance of Signor Bottesini, excited as much enthusiasm as at Mr. Mellon's last concert, where this emperor of the double-bass introduced the same solo. The room was crowded with wealth and rank, and "fashion"; and everyone appeared delighted with the classical treat Mr. Ella had provided for them.

MADAME LESUEUR, widow of the celebrated French composer, has presented to the town of Bordeaux, the complete works of her husband. The Library Committee, desirous of acknowledging the liberality of Madame Lesueur, sent her a handsome volume, containing the history and drawings of the monuments of Bordeaux. This work was accompanied by a letter of thanks, as flattering to Madame Lesueur as to the memory of the illustrious composer of the *Bardes*, *La Caverne*, *Paul et Virginie*, and many other masterpieces.—*Messenger des Théâtres*.



## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE is no use in attempting to deny a fact patent to all beholders—the French Exhibition is so far a failure; the more remarkable after that wonderful success which attended the World's Fair in London. The building is unfinished, unventilated, close, dusty, and unwholesome. Clouds of impalpable white powder impregnate the atmosphere, and plasterers, masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths, are busily engaged in labours which seem likely to continue for two months to come. Very few of the exhibitors have prepared the goods which they are about to display; waggons, carts, and heavily-laden trucks block up all approaches to the building, and reduce the road into thick coherent mud, through which those must wade who desire to pass the doors. The novelty seems to possess little attractions, and few visitors are found bold enough to venture on disputing possession of the interior with the numerous artificers who have so long made it their abode. The invasion of strangers, for whom such ample preparations have been made, seems indefinitely postponed; and it is much to be feared, that no amount of perfection which may ultimately be attained, can compensate for the disappointment and want of *éclat* which have attended the opening.

To an Englishman this is and must be a subject of unmitigated regret, for the fortunes of the two countries are so intimately bound up, that they must rejoice or weep together. Lodging-house and hotel-keepers would now gladly accept terms which, but a few days since, they would have rejected with scorn; and those golden visions which, for so long, have flitted before their enchanted eyes, are gradually dissipating before the sober reality.

The opening of the Exhibition, however, has caused the production of one of the long-promised novelties, *Jaguarita Indienne*,—the music whereof is composed by M. Halévy, and the libretto by MM. Saint-Georges and de Leuven—has been presented to the public on the stage of the Théâtre-Lyrique, and with an amount of success to which even that fortunate theatre has hitherto been a stranger. M. Halévy is a composer of greater weight and calibre than his brethren of the Institute, MM. Adolphe Adam, and Clapisson, whose strains have so long been heard at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The idea of the piece is taken from a novel by Eugène Sue, entitled *Hercule Hardi*; the authors have well fulfilled their task, and supplied composer, scene-painter, costumer, and machinist, with a subject well suited to their respective vocations. The scene is laid in Guiana, in the district of Surinam; the period, that at which a deadly struggle was impending between the conquering Dutch and the beaten, but not dispirited natives. Héva, a young Creole, whose habitation is constantly threatened by the red-skins, calls to her aid a portion of the Dutch garrison, under the command of Major Hector van Cruque (Meillet). The major is a hero despite himself, and is constantly performing feats, which appear prodigies of valour to his soldiers, but which, as he alone knows, have been caused by no volition on his part. By his side fights a young and gallant officer, Captain Maurice, (Monjaune), who is the real soul of the expedition, as brave, loyal, and gallant, as the Major is cowardly, and chicken-hearted. Héva's womanly instinct does not deceive her, for, though compelled to place her plantation under the protection of the Major, as superior officer, she puts herself under that of Maurice, and, at the moment the curtain rises, the pair are betrothed.

Jaguarita (Madame Cabel), a young Indian girl, queen of one of the Native tribes, herself savage and untamed, has, with the assistance of a trapper, Jinica, a *soi-disant* friend of the Dutch, succeeded in penetrating into the camp of the enemy, who has conquered and ravaged the plains, lakes, and forests of her native native land. The trapper announces his capture of the Queen of the Anacotas, whom he displays in triumph, and no one doubts his word. But the design of the trapper and Jaguarita is to discover the enemy's real leader, which she will easily do when captive in their camp; and, once discovered, she will, Judith-like, slay him without pity. She soon recognizes in Maurice the qualities of a true chief, but, at the interview in which her arm should be nerved to strike, she trembles and turns pale; an unwonted fire steals through her

veins, she loves, and becomes the slave of her passion, instead of the avenger of her race. But Maurice is preserved from danger more imminent than that which awaited him at the hand of Jaguarita. An Indian, whose eyes are unerring, and whose rifle never misses, who yields to no such weakness as that of Jaguarita, is hid in a thicket, through which he must pass. The Major, however, precedes him, and, entangled among the thorns and briars which bars his passage, stumbles and blunders; the trigger of his pistol is caught by a branch, the weapon is discharged, and the ball goes straight to the heart of the concealed Anacota rifleman. Hector is lauded to the skies for this new proof of his skill and courage, and the trapper alone remains who can throw any impediment in the fair course of true love opened to Maurice and Jaguarita. He inspires her with jealousy of Héva; at the very thought of a rival, her savage nature, panther-like, is roused to fury, and, in the first burst of her wrath, she vows to deliver her lover and his band into the hands of her tribe, who have gradually encircled the small camp of the Dutch troops. Maurice, divided between love for Jaguarita and desire to avoid a horrible death, endeavours to calm his half-tamed mistress, and is prodigal of vows and caresses. She gradually yields, and, in token of reconciliation, drinks from a cup prepared by Maurice. The draught is sedative and aphrodisiac; the lady, a prey to passion and desire, falls, half reclining, on a bank of moss, and the situation becomes critical. The red-skins, however, are at hand, and Maurice, taken at a disadvantage, is gagged, bound, and carried off in triumph, amid the victorious yells of the savages.

The third act opens in the royal hut of Jaguarita. The young girl has become more amorous than ever of him, who is now the prisoner of her tribe; and she offers him not only his liberty, but her own hand and half the throne of the Anacotas. The elders of the tribe, however, with the trapper at their head, insist on his embracing their religion, manners, customs, and laws, and on his swearing death to the pale-faces before he accepts the hand of their queen. Maurice refuses, and Jaguarita thinking that all obstacles should yield when she is the prize to be won, leaves him to his fate, and quits him in disgust. Pity for the prisoner, however, is soon awakened in her breast, and "pity is akin to love." She seeks him at night in the hut where he is guarded, and offers to save him by means of a secret passage. Maurice, touched by so much tenderness and devotion, and afraid lest she should fall a sacrifice to the fury of her tribe, at first refuses, but eventually accepts her offer, in the hope that he may yet preserve her from the rage of the savages. No sooner have the latter discovered the escape of their intended victim, than, maddened with disappointment at his loss, and inflamed with the drink they have taken from the pale-faces, they determine on revenging themselves on Jaguarita, and, torturing her according to the most approved fashion. She is tied to the fatal stake, the scalping knives are prepared, and, with savage yells and brandished tomahawks, the Indians dance round their quondam queen, who is allowed, as an especial favour, to chant her own death-song. But scarcely has she finished the first couplet of her sad adieu to the world she is about to quit, than the Indians fall dead around her, struck down by the bullets of Maurice and his soldiers, who arrive in good time to save the queen, kill the savages, and give the trapper his death wound.

Such is a sketch of the subject on which M. Halévy has composed his new opera, and he has amply availed himself of situations new to the lyric stage, and of a drama replete with interest. The overture is brilliant, graceful, and descriptive, serving as an admirable prelude to the scenes of savage life passed amid gigantic forests, and under a tropical sun, on which the opera is founded. The curtain rises to a well-written chorus, sonorous and fresh, of the same type as those in the first act of the *Juive*, and the Major succeeds with a song full of life and character, "C'est un héros." Maurice next appears and, after a few bars of recitative, sings an air, of which the melody is graceful and flowing; it is likely to be a favourite with the music publishers. Jaguarita is next heard in a scena composed of three movements, so distinct, that they may be called three separate songs. The first movement, "Léger comme un nuage," is ironical and



pointed; the second, "Ce soir j'irai tremper mes ailes," an andante replete with sentiment and charmingly written; the third, "Oui, je suis la panthère," an allegro sparkling and brilliant, most difficult of execution, and demanding from the singer a voice of extended compass, and all the address of a most finished vocalist. Mme. Cabel passed triumphantly through the ordeal, and her execution of this song would alone be sufficient to place her first in the ranks of *chanteuses légères*. A trio follows, as soon as the plaudits can be subdued which the fair singer has raised—"Voilà notre belle ennemie," and in this Mad. Cabel, well aided by MM. Meillet and Monjaube, was loudly applauded. One passage, "Qui de loin m'appelle"—in which she attacks the notes of the upper register with even more than her wonted hardihood—fairly brought down the house. The finale to the first act commences with a solo for Jaguarita, unadorned, unornamented, and in which success is sought by the feeling and sentiment of the music alone. This was a new trial for Mad. Cabel, being so far removed from her usual style, but here again she gathered fresh laurels, and nothing could hardly exceed the expression and dignity she conveyed to the passage:—

"Qu'un seul amour ici m'enflamme,  
L'amour sacré de mon pays."

The second act opens with a comic aria, by the Major, "Dans mon pays l'on mange, ici l'on est mangé," and then comes the great scene of the opera, intermingled with chorus and dances. Jaguarita commences with an air descriptive of the life of the savage tribes, their sports and pleasures. Presently she summons her Amazonian cohorts, "Prenez votre arc et votre lance," and recounts, in chorus with them, a night march through the forest, "Au sein de la nuit, sans bruit, la tribu s'avance." Presently the enemy is encountered and attacked to the war-song, "L'aigle des combats a chanté," and after the fair sex are victorious, the ladies perform in a charming ballet to which their Queen invites them—"Maintenant, filles des bois, dansez, bondissez." The whole of this composition is original and striking, the music vigorous and effective, the grouping admirable, the ballet characteristic and graceful. An air for the tenor, a drinking chorus, and a duet between Maurice and Jaguarita "l'ivresse," sung as she swallows the potion, bring the second act to a close.

The trapper opens the third act with a true Indian war-song, savage, energetic, and vehement, to which M. Junca, did full justice. The god Bambouzi is then brought forth in solemn procession, to a chorus, which produced a great effect, and was loudly encoined. Jaguarita follows, with an air in the dungeon of Maurice, "Je te fais roi," and, after his refusal to accept the offered dignity, the savages depart, with a chorus, breathing rage and fury. Maurice, left to his meditations and borne down with fatigue and anxiety, gives way to his emotions, in a charming air, "Viens sous les citronniers en fleurs," and, when all is still in his hut, Jaguarita enters. Bending gently over him, she breathes forth a ditty replete with passion and sentiment, while Maurice in his dreams murmurs his love for the Indian Queen. She awakes him, and a duet follows in which at length he yields to her entreaties. The *finale* opens with a chorus of the Indians about to sacrifice their queen, her death-song is then heard, and the curtain falls on the triumphant chorus of Maurice and his troops, when they have triumphed over the savage wiles and released the captive Jaguarita.

In *Jaguarita*, M. Halévy shows himself an accomplished musician, and a conscientious composer. His effects are produced by means at once legitimate and efficient; and, though I am not one of those who place on a too-elevated pinnacle of the musical temple of fame the author of *La Juive* and *Le Val d'Andorre*, still it is impossible to deny to M. Halévy a large amount of merit and a well-deserved reputation, which will certainly not be decreased by his latest production. He has, in some degree, remedied a defect which marked his earlier works; and though he has sought for effect in orchestral and choral combination, he has not overlooked melody and tune, of which he was too sparing in former compositions. He has written some charming airs for the ballet, and much of the music is destined to become popular.

Madame Cabel had an arduous task, and one from which a less accomplished vocalist, or one with a voice less fresh, would have shrunk with dismay. There is every description of style to be displayed, every species of difficulty to be overcome; now flitting from note to note, exhibiting every variety of mere vocal dexterity; now solemnly avowing her self-sacrifice for her country; anon breathing forth a passionate address to her lover, and presently describing in song and action the charms of savage life. As an actress also much is demanded of Madame Cabel in the part. By turns playful, ironical, savage, tender, revengeful, graceful, jealous, and devoted, Jaguarita exacts from her representative every quality of a good comedian; and Madame Cabel was never wanting in either capacity. She has added an immense step to her reputation, and may dispute against all comers her title of Queen of Opéra-Comique. A word from a friend. She is chief of a Red Indian community, and she alone among them appears as a pale-face. She is queen of the savages, and her costume is too suggestive of a Parisian *modiste*. Some red ochre would be well applied, though it seems pity to sully a complexion so charming—a dress borrowed from the pattern of one of her cohort, would be more in keeping, though less graceful or pleasing to the eye.

M. Monjaube, who fills the part of Maurice, is a new acquisition lately made by M. Perrin, and one on which I congratulate him. Originally an actor, he has played comedy at St. Petersburg, and melodrama at the Odéon. Perceiving he had a voice, he placed himself under Ponchard, to whose instruction he does much credit. He is young, well made, and good looking; graceful, elegant, and manly, the type of a hero for comic opera. His voice, without being strong, is fresh, agreeable, and expressive; his falsetto very good, though he is too much inclined to abuse its use. His style is pleasing, and he sings with good taste and simplicity, contented with the gifts bestowed on him by nature, and not rushing at the *ut de poitrine* which has ruined so many singers. M. Junca, as usual, acted admirably, and sang well. His make-up for the trapper was perfect, and he might have sat to Cooper as the hero of one of his novels. M. Meillet, as Major Van Croneq, had a difficult task; for it is no easy matter to depict such a hero despite himself, and to preserve the distinction which divides comedy from farce. None but an experienced actor and a favourite with the public could steer successfully among the many difficulties which surrounded his path. M. Meillet succeeded, however, though, after the first night, he discarded the uniform, which seemed hardly in keeping with the poltrooneries he had to display on the stage, and adopted the dress of a planter, a change which was all for the better. The *mise-en-scène* is gorgeous, superb, and almost unequalled for splendour. Nothing like it has been seen for many a day in Paris, and such a collection of Indian dresses, weapons, curiosities, and nic-nacs, could probably not be found in many museums in Europe. To conclude, the orchestra was excellent, the choruses well drilled—as they always are where M. Perrin is master—the ballet graceful and pretty, and the success of the whole unquestionable.

BERLIN.—The revival of Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, at the Royal Operahouse, has proved successful. The principal parts are sustained by Mad. Köster, Herren Theodor Formes, Pfister, and Solomon. After remaining closed for six weeks, Kroll's establishment was re-opened, last Saturday, with a grand entertainment in aid of the sufferers from the late inundation of the Weichsel. The programme was a mixed one. The first part, under the direction of Herr Rudersdorf, was musical; the second was supported by members of Kroll's old theatrical company; and the third, by some of the best *dansseuses* from the Royal Opera. The place was crowded to suffocation.

COLOGNE.—The thirty seceders from the Männergesangverein have founded a new society, which already numbers a great many members.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The provisional management has met with tolerable success. Herr Ander and Madlle. Wildauer have just concluded "starring" engagements. M. Vieuxtemps has bought an estate in the beautifully-situated Dreieichenhain, near this city.

CARLSRUHE.—Since the commencement of the present season, three novelties have been produced—*Tannhäuser*, *Santa Chiara*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*.

SIGNOR FIORI has arrived in London from Rome.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MATINEES.**—A very agreeable entertainment was provided for her friends and patrons, on Saturday morning, by Mrs. John Macfarren, at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street. For a concert, which does not aim at the title "Grand," we have seldom seen a better programme. Mrs. John Macfarren shows herself a real artist, no less in her excellent pianoforte playing, than in the music she invariably selects for performance. The special pieces in Saturday's scheme were Beethoven's very grand trio in B flat (No. 4, Op. 11), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, executed in first-rate style by Mrs. John Macfarren, M. Sainton, and Sig. Piatti; and the same composer's sonata in F (Op. 24) for pianoforte and violin, by Mrs. John Macfarren and Sig. Piatti, which was equally well played. Besides the above, the *bénéficiaire* introduced Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor (No. 1), and *Lied Ohne Worte*, in A minor, (Book 1), Cipriani Potter's *Allegro Brillante* in E (*Pezzi di Bravura*), and Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*. All these *morceaux*, so various in style, were mastered with ease, which proves that Mrs. John Macfarren is studying conscientiously, and striving hard to advance. Such perseverance in her profession will not stop short of excellence. That she is already on the "high road," cannot be denied; and that she will reach the goal we are convinced. Mrs. John Macfarren was, in the vocal department, assisted by Miss Huddart, Mad. Weiss, and Madlle. Emile Kroll, and Mr. Herbert. The instrumentalists have been named. The concert gave entire satisfaction.

**MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.**—A numerous and fashionable assembly was attracted to Willis's Rooms, on Monday morning, when Mad. Puzzi gave her annual concert. As usual, the display of talent, vocal and instrumental, was remarkable. Among the rest as novelties, we must especially allude to Mad. Fiorentini, Signers Salvi and Bottesini. Sig. Salvi cannot fail to be remembered as an accomplished tenor at the Royal Italian Opera, during the first two seasons of that establishment, of which he was a distinguished member, among a rare galaxy of talent. He sang with great effect as Edgardo (*Lucia*), Robert (*Robert le Diable*), Ernani, etc., and, with few exceptions, sustained the characters at present filled by Sig. Tamberlik. A lucrative engagement allured Signor Salvi to America, where, for five or six years, he has been "starring" and adding to his reputation. The cordial reception awarded to him on Monday showed he was not forgotten by his London admirers. His manly style and artistic vocalisation were exhibited to peculiar advantage in a charming *romanza* by Bottesini, "La Folia." Mad. Fiorentini has a lovely *soprano* voice, rich, mellow, and sympathetic. She, too, has for some years been absent from London. Her principal performance—besides a duet from Donizetti's *Adelia*, with Signor Salvi, and "Sull'aria," with Mad. Novello—was the well-known *cavatina* "Havvi un Dio," from *Maria di Rohan*, which she sang not only with the charm that naturally attaches to a beautiful voice, but with the utmost pathos and expression. Among other noticeable points were Signor Bottesini's solo—a marvellous display of execution; and a *Duo Concertante*, for clarinet and contra-basso, by Signors Belletti and Bottesini, and composed by the latter. Signor Belletti, an artist of eminent talent, with a fine tone and admirable execution, may be remembered in 1847-8, as first clarinet at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mad. Gassier, in her imitatively-executed "Valse variée; Miss Lascelles, in "By the sad sea waves; Sig. Marras, in a *romanza*, written by himself; and M. Ascher, a pianist of some notoriety in Paris, in three solos of his own composition, were also greatly admired. We must not forget the horn *obbligato* of Sig. Puzzi, in two songs, in which that experienced artist proved that he had not lost the feeling, tone, and manner of pleasing for which he was renowned of old. The other singers were Miss Alleyne, Mr. A. Pierre, Sig. Bettini, M. Gassier, Mad. de Luigi, Sig. Ciabatta, Sig. Belletti, and Mad. Clara Novello, who introduced a great variety of popular *morceaux*. We have no space, however, for further details about a concert which was quite as long as it was attractive. Mr. Benedict and Signors Pilotti and Vera were the conductors. Signor and Madame Puzzi, we understand, have bidden adieu to public life, and are about to depart for Italy, and live in retirement.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

**RIO JANEIRO.**—Madame Charton and Madlle. Casaloni have been the cause of a violent quarrel among the theatre frequenters. The respective admirers of these ladies almost come to blows during the performance. The manager has espoused the cause of Madlle. Casaloni, but Madame Charton is the greater favourite with the public. The emperor, the police, and the whole bench of magistrates, have been obliged to interfere, to prevent matters assuming a serious aspect. The city is flooded with pamphlets on the subject, and the ladies are especially active in the dispute.—Madlle. La Grua has been engaged for the Lyric Theatre, by Sig. Antonio Porto, for two years. Her enormous salary has been guaranteed by the Government.

**TRIESTE.**—(From the "Triester Zeitung.")—At a concert given in the Hôtel de la Ville, Miss Arabella Goddard fully justified the reputation that had preceded her, of being a pianist of the first class. In Beethoven's compositions, which she performed in conjunction with several distinguished *dilettanti*, as in those of Liszt and Thalberg, Miss Goddard gave evidence of the most intelligent conception of both classical and modern music. It is almost superfluous to add that the audience, composed of the most thorough musicians, and the *élite* of the city, overwhelmed her with enthusiastic and well-merited applause.

**BARCELONA.**—At the Italian Opera, *L'Elisir d'amore* and *Linda di Chamouni* have been played, Madame Tili taking the principal part. At the Theatre of Santa Cruz, *Nabuco* has been played with indifferent success (by Mesdames Barbieri Nina, and Sontilla; Signori Gomez, Varesi, and Rodas), owing, it is said, to the general inefficiency of the execution.

**DANTZIG.**—The theatre closed on the 30th inst., with *Fidelio*. Herr Friedrich Genée gives up the management, after holding it for more than fourteen years. Herr Rudolph Genée delivered a short address at the fall of the curtain.

**HANOVER.**—The season is drawing to a close, and the theatre shuts on the 28th inst. Signor Verdi's *Nabucodonosor* will be performed on the 27th in honour of the king's birthday. Marschner, the composer, has been "betrothed" to Madlle. Theresa Janda, a member of the operatic company.—[Rather late in life.]

**MUNICH.**—On the fiftieth anniversary of Schiller's death, his "Lied von der Glocke," with Lindpaintner's music, was performed in honour of the great poet's memory.

**STUTTGART.**—In the interval between Palm Sunday and Easter, three oratorios,—Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Bach's *Passionsmusik nach dem Evangelium Johannes*, were performed.

**ELBERFELD.**—At the fourth subscription concert, Herr Carl Reinthaler's oratorio, *Jephtha und seine Tochter*, was performed, for the first time, complete, under the direction of the composer. At the end, a flourish of horns and kettle-drums was given in his honour, and a laurel wreath was presented him.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The concert of Mr. Cheshire, the talented harpist, took place at Dee's Assembly Rooms, on the 17th inst. The chief attraction, of course, was in the performances of the *bénéficiaire*, which were all received with great favour. But we must not pass off in silence the performances of a young gentleman, a Mr. Hart, from the Royal Academy of Music, London, whose performances of De Beriot's Fifth Air, and Sainton's Variations on *La Fille du Régiment*, proved him a very rising violinist. There were several vocal compositions by local professors, which were well received,—in particular, a song by Mr. J. A. Baker, and one by Mr. Anderton, entitled, "The Wanderer's Dream." The vocalists were, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Hayward, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Mason.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MISS BLANCHE CAPILL**—(Voice, Contralto,) Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

**MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN**, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had at the above instruments.

**MISS E. STEELE**, Vocalist (Soprano), begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 3, Royal Oak-terrace, West-bourne-grove.



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**LE CHEVALIER PAGGI**, of Rome, has the honour to announce his return to London for the season, to resume his Lessons in Singing after the true Italian method. 13, Panton-street, Haymarket.

**TO VIOLINISTS.—WANTED**, an efficient Leader for the Carmarthen Amateur Musical Society. He must be a good Violinist, and able to Arrange Music. The Society will guarantee him £40 per annum. There is at present no good violinist or teacher of the violin in Carmarthen, and there is a very fair prospect of remuneration from Pupils. Apply, with Testimonials, etc., to the Secretary at the Carmarthen Journal Office, Carmarthen, South Wales.

**MR. BENSON** has the honour to announce to his pupils and friends, that his Annual Concert will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Anne-street, on Monday evening, June 4th, 1855. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. Family tickets (to admit three) One Guinea.

**MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'** CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, June 8, when they will be assisted by Mad. Clara Novello, the Misses Macalpine, Miss Messent, and Miss Dolby; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Bodda, Mr. John Thomas (Harp), Herr Deichman, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Signor Bottesini. Conductors—Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Ganz. Mr. Brinley Richards will play a selection from Mendelssohn's works, and several of his own compositions for the Pianoforte. Tickets, 7s. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.

**MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S** ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 13, to commence at 8 o'clock, when they will be assisted by Madlle. Jenny Ney, Madlle. Rudersdorf, Miss Amy Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Bellotti, M. Saindon, and M. Benedict. The orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon. Stalls, 15s. each, and Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each. To be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; at Eber's Library, Old Bond-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick-place, Hyde-park-square. Gallery Tickets, 5s. each, and Area Tickets, Half-a-Crown each. May be had at all the principal music warehouses and libraries.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S TWO ANNUAL MATINEES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.** Pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Mrs. John Macfarren; Violin, Herr Ernst, M. Saindon; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Madame Weiss, Miss Stabach, Mr. Weiss. The Vocal Music accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren. The SECOND and LAST MATINEE will take place at 27, Queen Anne-street, on Saturday, June 16. To commence at 3. Brand's Pianofortes will be used. Tickets 7s. to be had only at Eber's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

**HERR ERNST PAUER** has the honour to announce that he will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, with the full Orchestra of the celebrated Orchestral Union, under the direction of MR. MELLON, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday, June 1, 1855, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely, when he will be assisted by—Vocalists: Miss Emilie Kroll (from the Imperial Opera, Vienna), Miss Dolby, and Herr Reichardt. Conductors: Mr. Alfred Mellon and Herr Ernst Pauer. The members of the highly distinguished London Deutscher Männer Chor have kindly consented to perform, on this occasion selections from Mendelssohn's "Antigone and Oedipus." Herr Ernst Pauer will play Hummel's Concerto in A flat, and his new Symphony in C minor will be given for the first time.—Stalls, half-a-guinea; tickets, 7s. each, may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Herr Ernst Pauer, 32, Alfred-place West, Thurlow-square.

**MISS MANNING** begs to announce, that her Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday Evening, May 31st, when she will be assisted by the following distinguished artists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Huddart, Miss Lascelles, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; Conductor, Signor Piatti. Tickets 10s. 6d., to be had at Messrs. Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at Miss Manning's residence, 67, St. George's Terrace, Kensington.

**UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.—**MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give a Matinée Musicale at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, June 14th. Vocalists Madlle. Anna Bocholtz Falconi, Cantante di Camera to H.S.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Madame Ferrari, Signor Giabatta, Signor Ferrari, and Mr. Miranda. Violin, Herr Ernst; flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten; violoncello, Signor Piatti; pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Reserved seats, 15s.; single tickets, 10s. 6d. To be had of Mr. Aguilar, and at the principal music-publishers.

**MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, Patron.** Tuesday, May 29th, Half-past Three, Willis's Rooms.—Quartet No. 79, in D, Haydn; Trio, No. 2, in G, Pianoforte, Beethoven; Double Quartet in E Minor, Spohr; Solos, Pianoforte.—Executants: Saindon, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti, Goffrie, Carrolius, Webb, and Payne. Pianist, Hallé.—Visitors' Admissions to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Chappell and Olivier, Bond-street.—Owing to the crowded state of the rooms, no more Free Admissions can be given to Artists. All Letters to be addressed to—  
J. ELLA, Director.

**THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.**—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barret, Lazarus Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prospero, Mount, Mann, Clöff, Zeiss, Folleque Nadand, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**MR. H. C. COOPER'S THIRD SOIRÉE** will take place at 27, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, on Wednesday next, May the 30th. Begin at Eight. Vocalists—Miss Milner and Mr. Herbert, Instrumentalists—Miss Emma Busby, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. H. C. Cooper, Herr Kreutzer, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Lucas. The Programme will include a Quartet by J. L. Ellerton, Esq. Tickets, 7s. each, may be had at the Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

**PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—M. CHARLES** HALLÉ begs to acquaint his friends and pupils that he will give, at his residence, No. 4, Chesham-street, Belgrave-square, THREE MORNING PERFORMANCES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC by classical and modern composers. Each performance will include two compositions by Beethoven, selected from his earliest and latest works. The performances will take place on Thursday, May 31st; Friday, June 15th; and Thursday, June 28th. To commence at three o'clock. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea each. Subscribers' names received at M. Hallé's residence, and at Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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I sent a message by the rose  
That words could not convey;  
Sweet vows I never dar'd to breathe  
And wishes pure as they;  
A mute but tell-tale messenger,  
It could not do me wrong;  
It told the passion I conceal'd  
And hopes I cherish'd long.

My love receiv'd it with a smile,  
She read its thought and sigh'd  
Then plac'd it on her happy breast,  
And wore it till it died.  
Immortal Rose, it could not die;  
The spirit which it bore,  
Lives in her heart, as first in mine,  
A joy for evermore.

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And make a balm of human life;  
But friends who chance to differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How freely will they meet and charge!  
No combatants are stiffer.'

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